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1687

LETTER

K. Palamon.

TO A

Person of Distinction.

* Sir R. Cox

DUBLIN:

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LETTER, &c.

SIR,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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LETTER, &c.

SIR,

I NO ſooner recovered from that Surprize into which your late Proceedings had thrown me, than I determined to addreſs you. I am, however, at a Loſs in what Character to conſider you: To hint at your former Patriotiſm, would inſinuate, that you had lately thrown off the Maſk, and appeared a true *Original* and *Maſter-Piece* of Nature. If I ſhould ſtile you by your new Title, you would probably imagine me diſtempered; but, however, ripe my Diſorder may be, I would not be ſo delicately weak, as to wait for a *Surgeon* from *Cork*.

As I lack no Advancement, nor approach your Perſon, as a Client would approach his Patron; you cannot ſuſpect me of Flattery. As you can beſtow no Honour on me; I have a better Claim to be thought ſincere when I laviſh it on you. Indeed I cannot adorn you with a long String of Titles, and will not tickle you with a Catalogue of the Worthies from which you deſcended. A Detail of your own Qualifications is ſufficient Matter for Panegyrick like mine.

I ſhall, however, declare the principal Reaſon for acknowledging my Sentiments thus publicly. I determined lately to ſtudy Mankind, and compare the paſt Ages to the preſent, human Nature in Theory to modern Practice. To obtain a diſtinct View, it ſeemed conducive to ſingle out two moſt oppoſite known Characters, of which you, Sir, are one. And tho' it would reſemble Flattery to ſay that you are abſolutely complete, it will be univerſally believed that of the two Perſonages, you are moſt diſtinguiſhed.

Many have ſhewed, what might be effected by Abilities only; but you, Sir, have proved how much may be done without them. That Rant and Froth would ſupply the Want of Elocution and Argument was demonſtrated by your early Trials to declaim. Indeed, your Veſſel being crazy and her Ballaſt little, it appeared by her tottering that you wanted a Harbour; a falſe Light was thrown out, and miſtaking a *Will* of the *Wiſp* for a real Beacon, you found yourſelf in a Shoal, inſtead of a ſecure Haven. Thus, the trite Obſervation, that *Riches are neceſſary to ſilence the Tongue of a Brawler*, you, Sir, are an Exception to; you have proved that the Shadow will do without the Subſtance.

This, Sir, unfortunately brought upon you the Imputation of Inconſtancy. But Men may be conſiſtent in Principle, though variable in Appearances; they may purſue one End by different Means; and the Means will differ as they flow from a ſound or a corrupted Heart, from a feigned or a real Character. This Diſtinction you have clearly evinced by your puny Efforts in your firſt, by your unexampled Execution in your laſt Scene.

But the Height of your Prudence was ſeen in your Application of Misfortunes. When you found yourſelf deceived into the Service, you ſhewed by your Reſolution and Perſeverance how well you were fitted for it; and though your Enemies inſinuate that it was always your Aim to be hired into it; yet this Suggeſtion is overturned by a poſitive Anſwer, that you have never yet been paid for your Drudgery.

Your laſt Stroke is unparallelled; it has opened the Eyes of Thouſands, and I hope it will ſhut none but your own. The Conſtitution was weakned; it was indeed an old Houſe, badly repaired; notwithſtanding this, the Foundation was good: An audacious Attempt was made to raiſe an equal Superſtructure; but the Cement was compounded with Sand unequally mixed, by which Means you wormed yourſelf in, picked out a principal Stone, and then perſwaded

ſwaded the World that it was neceſſary to pull down the Building, leſt its Fall ſhould cruſh you.

Here, Sir, I ſhould be inexcuſable if I did not glance at your late Writings, in which, though ſome ſagacious Perſons may gravely pretend to find Error and Abſurdity, they can never diſcover Inconſiſtency. As you begun ſo you continue, perfectly devoted to your Principles and Party; and as the Arguments againſt your Adverſary are few and ſimple, it requires little Force of Genius to diſcover their Tendency and Strength.

But, Sir, you have worked Wonders, you have proved that your Power is uncontrolable, that Juſtice and Equity depend upon Compact and Combination, and ſhould vary as the Paſſions of Men; you have verified that obſolete *French* Proverb, that *Marks* will make *Marſhals*; and demonſtrated that you can do every Thing.

What Part you are about to act in the future Scene; whether you are to add Weight to a Burthen ſeemingly ſufficient, or to hold the Stirrup for ſome furious Manager, is yet a Secret. You have ſhewn your Abilities for Execution, and can never want Employment while Men of excellent Invention preſide at the *B---d*.

Thus far, Sir, I have dwelt upon your great Qualities as they are truly meritorious in themſelves; to do greater Juſtice, I ſhall conſider them in Contraſt, and ſhew what Luſtre they receive from Compariſon. This will be ſeen from a Picture of that Adverſary whom you lately overthrew. *G. Lucas*

He is one of thoſe inſolent Wretches who ſet a Value only on Abilities or Poſſeſſions, which we ourſelves acquire or improve. His Family is ennobled barely by Honeſty; Fortune is a Stepdame to him. But Nature did her Part. He always pryed into Abuſes, and as frequently publiſhed them. The Buſineſs of his Youth was Reformation, and the bodily Health of Mankind. Emboldened by Succeſs, he grew hardy and impudent; he explained the Conſti-

tution

union of Inferior Societies, laid open their Bruiſes and Sores, pointed out the Cauſes, and like an able Phyſician preſcribed the Remedies. Indeed the Drugs were denied him, tho' he neglected no means to attain them. He ſtroaked the Lion, and wheedled the Ape; but the former continued his Roar, and the latter his deceitful Grin.

Enraged by Diſappointment, he catched at the great Body Politic; he diveſted it of Forms and ſpecious ſhews, unveiled its native Beauty, ſhewed its preſent Deformity, how it had been laſhed by a Rod of Iron, and how the Crocodile watched to devour it. He grew a Tyger in his fierce Deportment to Superiors, but to Inferiors he was gentle as a Lamb.

In his Madneſs he talk'd of Freedom; He called it the Birth-right of the People, their Prerogative, their Happineſs. Even his Foes ſeemed delighted with his Words, and he ſpoke for Liberty ſo ſweetly, that Babes were taught to liſp it in their Cradles; your Youth was heard to ſound it thro' their Streets; old Age waxed Young with Thoughts of it, and grappled with Infirmity.

But his Folly was equal to his Madneſs. He attempted audaciouſly to reſtore a Jewel to the G——, which ſeemed to have been felonioufly taken from it. He contended for Juſtice and Equity, and weakly thought that juſt G——n——t was not the Empire of *Men*, but of *Laws*.

In his Frenzy he drew Pictures, and ingenious Courtiers found happy Similitudes. He vainly thought himſelf equal to every thing, and ſtepped forth a General in *Allegory*. He boaſted that the S——d of Freedom would be raiſed in *D——n*. His Adherents increaſed in Number and Strength; and though it be now affirmed by a diſtinguiſhed Member of Society, that none but *the Wicked and the Ignorant made the Crowd of his Followers*, it will be thought an awkard Compliment, to thoſe wealthy Merchants and induſtrious Tradeſmen who bravely

ſupported

ſupported and ſtill ſupport his Cauſe. But they catched the Infatuation and Madneſs from him, they pretended to feel for their Country, and to ſay that Liberty was more than a Name. They ſtruggled to tranſmit to their Poſterity this Fruit of Patriot Toil, this Wreath of ſweet tongued Eloquence, this Price of dying Heroiſm.

Such, Sir, was the Man whom you have outwitted. Whether, after this Attack on the Trunk, You intend to lop off the Branches and to pluck up the Root, I ſhall not prognoſticate. Your obſequious complaiſance to Power; your deſire to behold this K———m reduced to a B———k, and it's Inhabitants dragooned into L---lt---y———as you ſay L---lt---y; your fine Sentiments of Liberty, and known Adhærence to the National Good, give me Room to think that you may attempt, and will ſucceed in any thing. You found it uſeful to do what has been done, and as one *Expedient* produces another, you will find it neceſſary to live by *Expedients*.

Now, Sir, let me compliment you on the happy Conſequences of your laſt proceedings. You have removed that Reſerve, which an Appearance of growing Freedom produced in the Converſation of Ty——s and their Minions. Countenanced by you, every little *Slave* and *Jackcall* of Power, ſaucily wags his Tongue againſt Freemen, and forgets that there is T——n againſt the C--ſt--n, as well as againſt the K--. Men now ſpeak their Sentiments, and a Clergyman———I cannot ſay a Proteſtant, dares now confeſs that he is, no Friend, either to *Truth* or *Liberty*. Yet after all, Sir, it is feared that you will only gain half your Point: It is ſaid that a great Majority of Citizens *are ſtill hardy enough to adhere to their old faſhioned Principles*: and an Honeſt Barber may ſometimes Judge as well for the *Honour* and *Peace* of this City as a *Clergyman*, a *Eſquire* or a *Baron*.

I will

I will now, Sir, take my Leave, with this Assurance, that as I admire your Conduct, I will be Just to your Memory, if I survive You.

I am,

DUBLIN.--- *Palamon.*

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